

OCT. - NOV. 10¢

ANIMAL COMICS

A DELL COMIC
DELL
A DELL COMIC

• ROVER •

ALBERT & POGO

UNCLE WIGGILY

ANIMAL PHOTOS



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



Warren W. McSpadden, New York

After having been bathed by this group of 5th and 6th grade boys and girls, Rover is thoroughly dried. A.S.P.C.A.'s educational program in public schools gives children opportunity to experience the practical care of their pets under guidance of an A.S.P.C.A. teacher.

ROVER

The Reunion

FROM THE TRACKS WE AT LEAST KNOW ROVER IS ALIVE AND ON SOME BOAT. WE'LL FIND HIM YET, MIKE, CHEER UP.

ROVER, SWEEPED OVERBOARD DURING THE HURRICANE, HAS BEEN PICKED UP BY THE "SCAMP", A CHARTER FISHING BOAT. RED AND MIKE ARE COMBING THE ISLANDS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA FOR THEIR DOG.

by Dan Noonan



WITH THIS FAVORABLE WIND WE SHOULD RAISE JAMAICA IN A FEW HOURS.



OKAY, SKIPPER, IF I PRACTICE HARPOONING FROM THE BOWSPRIT?

AYE, AYE, MATE, BUT DON'T GET OVER AMBITIOUS! HARPOONING IS TRICKY BUSINESS.

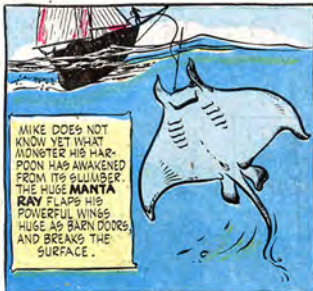


GEE, RED, THERE'S A BIG SHADOW DEAD AHEAD. I BET THAT'S SOMETHING BIG.

BOY, OH BOY, I HIT IT!



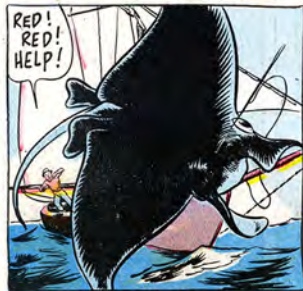
A.C. #29-4710



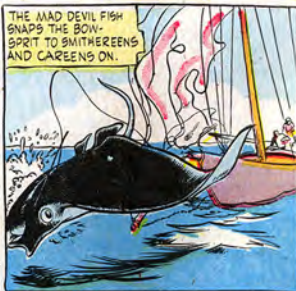
MIKE DOES NOT KNOW YET WHAT MONSTER HIS HARPOON HAS AWAKENED FROM ITS SLUMBER. THE HUGE **MANTA RAY** FLAPS HIS POWERFUL WINGS HUGE AS BARN DOORS AND BREAKS THE SURFACE.



LIKE A MONSTROUS BAT, IT SAILS THROUGH THE AIR TRYING TO SHAKE OFF THE STINGING THING WHICH ANNOYS HER.



RED!
RED!
HELP!



THE MAD DEVIL FISH SNAPS THE BOW-SPRIT TO SMITHEREENS AND CAREENS ON.



GREAT SCOTT! WE'RE LUCKY THAT MONSTER DIDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF THE BOAT.



WELL, FISHERMAN, NICE GOING! HARPOON GONE, LINE GONE, BOWSPRIT GONE. FOR A MINUTE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONE TOO!

GEE WHIZ, RED, I'M SORRY--I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE.

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, YOUNG MAN. NEXT TIME LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP. WE BOTH HAD A CLOSE SHAVE.

AYE, AYE, SIR!



THAT FISH WEIGHED MORE THAN OUR BOAT. IT COULD HAVE SMASHED US FLATTER THAN A PANCAKE.



I HEAR FEARLESS WHINING BELOW. GET HIM TOPSIDE WHILE I LAY OUR COURSE. SEE WHAT AILS THAT DOG.



NEAREST PORT IS PORTO BAHIA, IF WE GAIL BEFORE THE WIND WHICH WE'LL HAVE TO DO WITH OUR JIB AND FORESTAYS GONE.

GOSH, RED, THAT'S AWAY FROM WHERE WE WERE TO LOOK FOR ROVER.

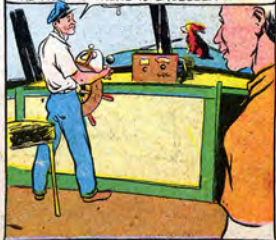
WOOF!



SUCH IS FATE OR LUCK THAT AT THE SAME TIME THE SKIPPER OF THE SCAMP DECIDES TO MAKE FOR PORTO BAHIA ALSO.



IT'S A QUAIN TITTLE PORT. YOU'LL LIKE IT. WE COULD STAY FOR A FEW DAYS. THEY SAY THE FISHING THERE IS EXCELLENT.



SEVERAL MILES AHEAD OF THE **GULL**, THE **SCAMP** WITH ROVER ABOARD IDLES INTO THE LITTLE TROPICAL HARBOR OF PORTO BAHIA.



ROVER IS GLAD ENOUGH TO BE ON LAND AGAIN BUT DOES NOT SHOW HIS USUAL ENTHUSIASM.



THE PEOPLE OF THE **SCAMP** ARE NICE ENOUGH TO BE SURE BUT THEY ARE STRANGERS, AND THE BOAT SMELLS OF GASOLINE AND OIL INSTEAD OF RED, MIKE AND FEARLESS.



ROVER WRINKLED HIS NOSE, NO HE COULD NEVER LOVE THEM THE SAME AS **RED AND MIKE**.



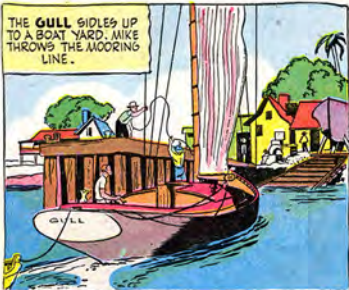
SADLY, HE LOOKS ACROSS THE SEA. **RED AND MIKE AND FEARLESS** TOO, WHERE ARE THEY? MAYBE THEY DROWNED DURING THE HURRICANE WHICH BLEW HIM OVERBOARD.



ROVER SAW THE CRIPPLED SAILBOAT ON THE HORIZON LIMPING SLOWLY INTO PORT... TOO FAR FOR HIS NOSE TO TELL HIM IT'S THE **GULL** AND AS A LANDLUBBER, ALL SAILBOATS LOOK ALIKE TO HIM. WITH A SIGH HE TURNS AND SETTLES DOWN ON THE DECK.



THE **GULL** SIDLES UP TO A BOAT YARD. MIKE THROWS THE MOORING LINE.



WE CAN PUT ON A NEW BOWSPRIT BUT IT WILL TAKE A DAY OR TWO.

TAKE YOUR TIME MISTER, WE'RE IN NO PARTICULAR HURRY.



LEAVING FEARLESS ABOARD, RED AND MIKE WANDER INTO TOWN TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



INSPECTING THE DOCKS, THEY ARE COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE **SCAMP'S** MOORING.



ROVER UNFORTUNATELY IS NOT TALL ENOUGH TO SEE OVER THE SIDES OF THE COCKPIT AND BESIDES, FOR THE MOMENT, THE SKIPPER OF THE **SCAMP** HAS HIS ATTENTION.



GAY, RED, THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING POWERBOAT.

UN-HUH. SHE IS TESTING HER GEARS. SHE'S BEEN BACKING IN AND OUT. MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER REVERSE.



NO ROVER SO FAR! HE'D KNOW WE'RE HERE IF HE WERE WITHIN A MILE FROM US.

HE COULD TELL IF HE WERE ANYWHERE ON THE ISLAND. ROVER IS SMART!



POOR ROVER, WHY SHOULD HE BE ANY SMARTER THAN RED AND MIKE WHO HAVE JUST PASSED WITHIN A STONE'S THROW?



OR WHEN HE IS WALKED ASHORE, HOW SHOULD HE KNOW THE CROWN CAFE.



ARE RED AND MIKE ANY SMARTER, LOOKING AT THE MENU INSTEAD OF OUT THE WINDOW?



SO AGAIN FATE WHICH SO FAR HAS BEEN MORE THAN KIND PLAYFULLY LEADS OUR FRIENDS APART ONCE MORE....



...AND OBEDIENTLY ROVER RETURNS TO THE SCAMP. NOBODY, NOT EVEN A DOG LIKE ROVER, CAN BATTLE AGAINST FATE.



WHILE YOU GO SIGHTSEEING, I'LL RUN THE BOAT OVER TO THE BOAT YARD TO HAVE THEM FIX THE GEARS.

ALL RIGHT!



LET'S TAKE THE DOG WITH US. I KNOW HE'D RATHER BE ASHORE THAN STAY ABOARD.



I'LL BE BACK ON THE DOCK BEFORE YOU RETURN. IF NOT, I'LL BE OVER AT THAT SHIPYARD WHERE THEY'RE REPAIRING THE SAILBOAT THAT CAME IN WITH THE BROKEN FORE RIGGING.



FATE IS NOW REALLY PLAYING A GAME OF NOW YOU DO, AND NOW YOU DON'T. IF ROVER ONLY COULD HAVE STAYED ABOARD. BUT CAN A DOG BE THAT SMART?



THE SCAMP MOVES OVER ALONGSIDE THE GULL AND IF LANDLUBBER ROVER HAD NOT RECOGNIZED THE BOAT, HE SURELY WOULD NOT HAVE MISSED FEARLESS WHO BARKED AS HE RAN BACK AND FORTH ON THE GULL'S DECK.



THEN RED RETURNED AND YOU SHOULD THINK THAT HE OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SIXTH SENSE.



BUT HE DIDN'T, AND A FEW HOURS LATER THE SCAMP LEFT AGAIN WITHOUT MORE THAN A WAVE OF THE HAND BETWEEN HER SKIPPER AND SKIPPER RED.



WELL, MIKE, SHE'S ALMOST SHIPSHAPE AGAIN. TWO DAYS SINCE WE GOT IN, WE BETTER START SOON ON OUR HUNT FOR ROVER.



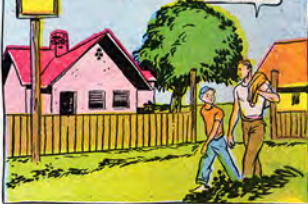
ONE MORE MEAL ASHORE AND ON WE GO.

YOU KNOW IT'S FUNNY, THERE ISN'T ANY BOAT IN THE HARBOR THAT HAS A DOG ABOARD EXCEPT US.



MAYBE THEY AREN'T DOG LOVERS LIKE US RED. MAYBE WE OUGHT TO PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS.

THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA, WE'LL DO THAT WHEN WE GET TO KINGSTON WHERE THEY HAVE A NEWSPAPER. IT MIGHT HELP.



YOU REALLY AND TRULY BELIEVE WE STILL WILL FIND HIM, RED?

I REALLY AND TRULY DO, MIKE.



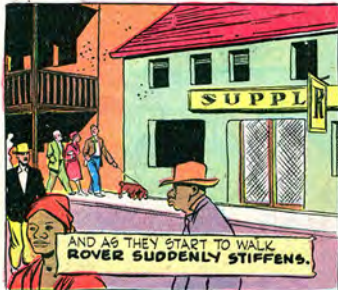
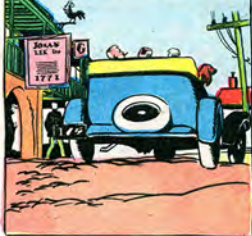
LET'S LAY IN OUR SUPPLIES AND THEN GO AND EAT.



THE LITTLE GAME FATE IS PLAYING HAS TO COME TO AN END NOW, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. AT THIS MOMENT, THE PARTY FROM THE SCAMP RETURNS FROM ANOTHER SIGHTSEEING TRIP BY CAR.



THE CAR COMES TO A STOP IN THE NARROW STREET AND THE PARTY ALIGHTS.



AND AS THEY START TO WALK ROVER SUDDENLY STIFFENS.



HE LUNGES AND TEARS THE LEASH.



WITH A MIGHTY LEAP ROVER CRASHES THROUGH THE SCREENDOOR.

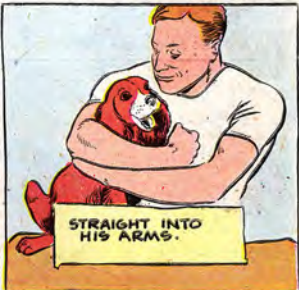


BOWLING OVER THE STORE PROPRIETOR!

AND LEAPS AT
RED'S CHEST!



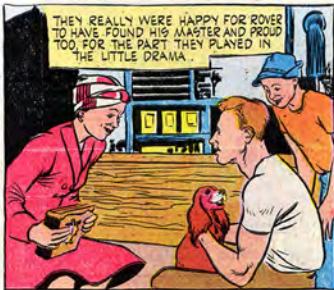
STRAIGHT INTO
HIS ARMS.



THE SURPRISED PEOPLE FROM THE
SCAMP ARRIVE AND QUICKLY GUESS
THAT THIS IS A **HAPPY REUNION.**

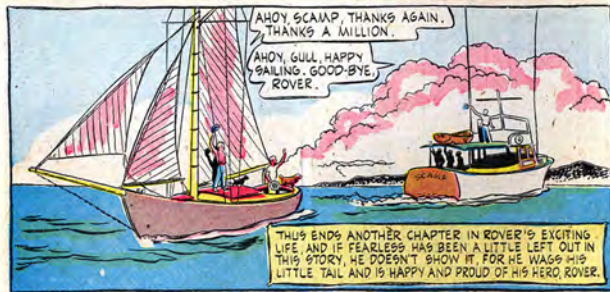


THEY REALLY WERE HAPPY FOR ROVER
TO HAVE FOUND HIS MASTER AND PROUD
TOO, FOR THE PART THEY PLAYED IN
THE LITTLE DRAMA.



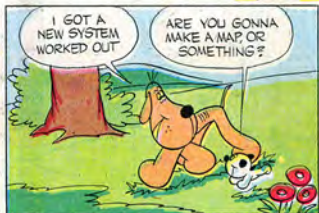
AHOY, SCAMP, THANKS AGAIN.
THANKS A MILLION.

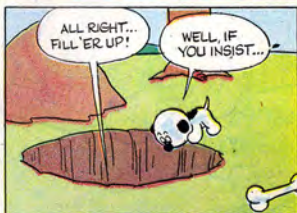
AHOY, GULL, HAPPY
SAILING. GOOD-BYE,
ROVER.

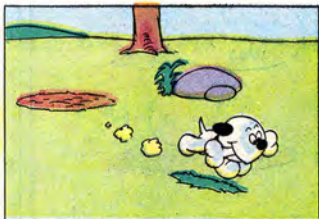
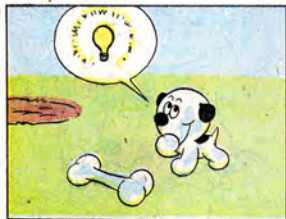


THIS ENDS ANOTHER CHAPTER IN ROVER'S EXCITING
LIFE, AND IF FEARLESS HAS BEEN A LITTLE LEFT OUT IN
THIS STORY, HE DOESN'T SHOW IT, FOR HE WAGS HIS
LITTLE TAIL AND IS HAPPY AND PROUD OF HIS HERO, ROVER.

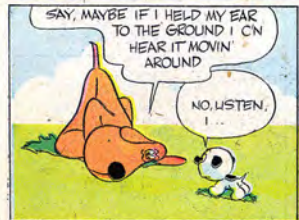
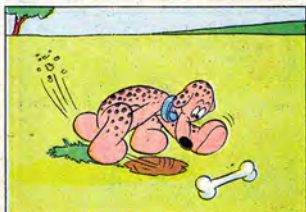
Jigg and MOOCH

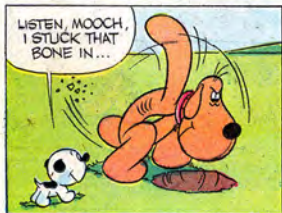
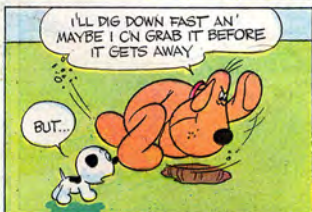
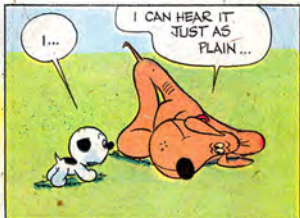













Albert AND POGO

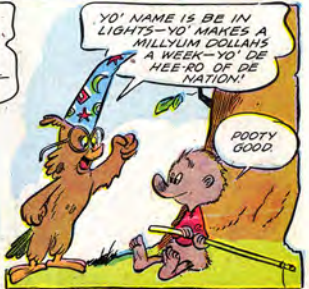
by Walt Kelly



POGO! POGO! WHERE IS YO' AH GOT A GREAT IDEE! WE GONE BE ON EASY STREET—NO MO' WORKIN' OURSELFS TO DE BONE!




YO' WONT HAFTA SET YERE SLAVIN' OVAH A HOT FISH POLE! YO' KIN TRAVEL—SEE DE WONDANS OF DE WORL'—DE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE—DE RAILROAD DEE-POT—DE BAYOU CITY POST OFFICE!



YO' NAME IS BE IN LIGHTS—YO' MAKES A MILLYUM DOLLAHS A WEEK—YO' DE HEE-RO OF DE NATION!

POOTY GOOD.




HOW AH GITS DE JOB? SOUN' WONDERFUL—OOP! 'SCUSE ME—PEARS AH GOT A BITE...



SBLOP!

GOT HER!



'ATS ANOTHER THING—DON'T NEED CATS NO' MO'!





AH GOES UP STAIRS AND FOTCH DOWN DE 'QUIPMENT



NOW WE IS ALL SET, POGO— US 'BOUT TO EMBARK ON A ENTERPRISE OF WORLD SHAKIN' IMPLEMENTATIONS.

WHUFFO ALL DE KNIFES?



NOW AH SPLAINS DAT LATER— IS YO' EVAH HEAH TELL OF DAGGER DAN, DE KNIFE-THROWIN' MAN?



DAGGER DAN IS DE TOAST OF DE CROWN HEADS OF EUROPE—HE DE IDOL OF DE HINTERLANDS



MAN! DAT IS AMAZIN'! WHO IS DE HINTERLANDS? MUS' BE A NUTHERN FAMILY.

MAN! ISN'T YO' NEVER HEAR OF DE HINTERLANDS?

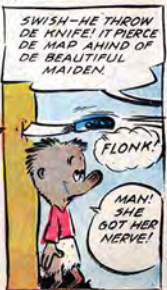


DE KING OF DE HINTERLANDS IS ONE DAY WATCHIN' DAGGER DAN CHUCKIN' KNIFES AT DE BEAUTIFUL GAL STANDIN' UP AGIN DE WALL.



DE GAL STANDIN' BEFO' A MAP OF DE WORL— OL DAGGER DAN RARES BACK.

MA SAKES!



SWISH—HE THROW DE KNIFE! IT PIERCE DE MAP AHIND OF DE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN.

FLONK!

MAN! SHE GOT HER NERVE!

SWOOSHI! DAGGER DAN CHONKS ANOTHER—LIKEWISE IT PIERCE DE MAP—FORTUNATELY MISSIN' DE YOUNG LADY.



SHE SHO' NUFF A SPUNKY CRITTUR.

WHOOMPI! AN' DERE GO ANOTHER—WHOP! AN' OTHER—BWANG! ANOTHER...



WHEN HE ALL THROUGH, DAGGER DAN IS CARVE DE MAP UP INTO LIL' BITTY CHUNKS—DE KING OF DE HINTERLANDS RESH FORWARD...



HE SCOOP UP DE BITS AN' PERTY SOON OL' KING GOT MO' OF DE MAP DAN ANYBODY...



NEN DE HINTERLANDS DE BIGGES' KINGDOM IN DE WORL'—KING, HE BUS' OUT AN' KNIGHT DAGGER DAN ON DE SHOULDER...UNFORTUNATE DE MAIDEN GOT DAGGED IN DE PRECEDIN'S AN' SHE DAID.



NOW, HOW 'BOUT YOU AN' ME DOIN' DAT ACT? WE TRAVELS ALL 'ROUND DE WORL'...YO KIN SEE FO' YO'SELF IT A MIGHTY REE-WARDIN' JOB, AS YO' KIN PERCEIVE.

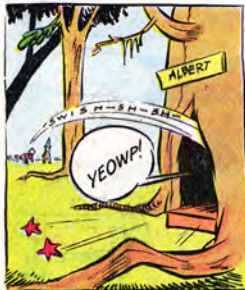


BUT WHUT US DO IF AH MISSES WIF DE KNIFES AN' PUNCTURES YO?



PUNCTURES ME!? MAN? AH ISN'T CORNSIDER DAT POSSIBLELILLITY... BUT UNDER DE SYSTEM AH GONE USE, IT AIN'T LIKELY.





POGO, DAT BOY ISN'T REE-VIVIN' WORTH A HOOT-MEBBE US BETTER ROOCH ROUN' IN HE HOUSE AND FINE SOME KIND OF REE-VIVIN' STUFF.



MEBBE DISH YERE CORN SYRUP GOOD FOR REE-VIVIN'



MMM...

HOW IS SHE?



FIGGER US OUGHT TO RUSTLE UP SOME GRIDDLE CAKES?



MAYBE DE AROMA WILL REE-VIVE DE BOY.

AHA! GITTIN' OUT DE GOODIES DE MINUTE MA BACK-



BACK F'UM DE DAID!

MMM-POOTY GOOD-AH SEE YO' IS MAKIN' GRIDDLE CAKES... MIND IF AH STAYS TO DINNER?



PSST - OL' ALBERT THINK HE VISITIN' YOU!

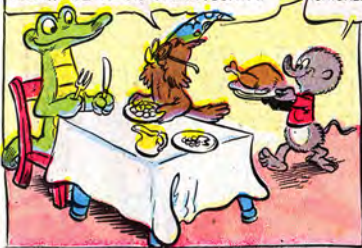
WHY, SET RIGHT DOWN, ALBERT, AH GONE GET OUT SOME COOKIES AN' SPECIALTIES.



POGO AN' ME WAS TALKIN' 'BOUT BEIN' MILLIONAIRES BUT US FIGGER US TAKES ADVANTAGE OF DIS OPERA-TOONITY.

LOOKY-COLE CHICKEN!

MMFF-CHOMP-CHOMP-AH SHO' GLAD YO' BOYS PUT OFF BEIN' RICH... WHUFFO YO' SPREADIN' DE BANQUET, POGO?



AH JES' DE HOSPITAL TYPE-LIKE TO HAVE FOLKS IN YERE EATIN' FIT TO KILL ALL DE TIME.

OUGHT TO HAVE YO' FOLKS OVER TO MA PLACE SOME TIME BUT AH NEVAH HAS NUFFIN' IN DE HOUSE... MM-SAY, DISH YERE SILVERWARE IS VERY FAMILLER!

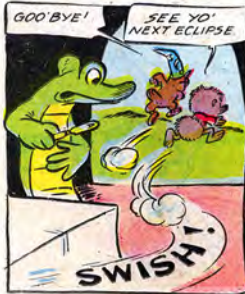
PACK YO' BAGS-DE BOY BEGINNIN' TO SUSPECK!

AH HID HIS FORTY-FIVE-WE IS SAFE ONCE WE GITS OUT



GOO'BYE!

SEE YO' NEXT ECLIPSE.

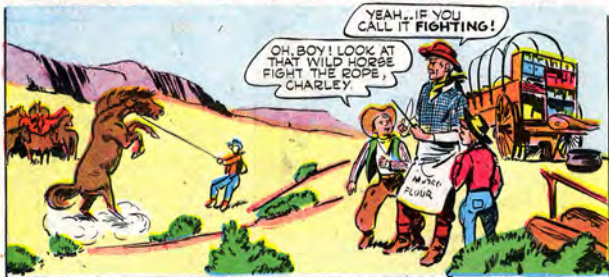


ALBERT

DEY'S SLEPPIN' QUEER 'BOUT ALL DISH YERE!



CHUCKWAGON CHARLEY'S TALES



YOU'LL BE WATCHIN' A DIFFERENT KIND OF SHOW, PETE, IF YOU EVER SEE A MAN DAB HIS STRING ON **RED FLAME**, THE GREAT WILD HOSS.

TELL US ANOTHER STORY ABOUT HIM, CHARLEY!

WE-ELL, RECKON I'VE GOT TO GET THE GRUB READY, PAT.

WE WON'T LET YOU TILL YOU PROMISE.



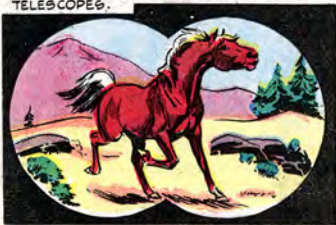
ALL RIGHT, YOU YOUNG INJUNS! IF YOU'LL HELP ME PEEL THE SPUDS I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO **RED FLAME** AFTER HE GOT OUT OF THE CANYON TRAP.



LEFT TO FIGHT HIS OWN WAY AND FIND HIS OWN FEED AND WATER, THE RED COLT WITH THE WHITE MANE AND TAIL GREW FAST

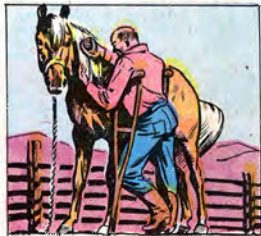


COWPUNCHERS HUNTING FOR STRAY STOCK, CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF HIM FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS--THROUGH THEIR POCKET TELESCOPES.



THEY'D WATCH HIM OUT OF SIGHT--AND THEN SIT DREAMIN' OF THE DAY WHEN THEY'D DAB THEIR OWN LOOP ON THAT GREAT RED HORSE.

AND THEN THEY'D RIDE BACK, TO TELL ED BANKS AND OTHERS WHO HAD HUNTED THE FLAME-COLORED COLT.



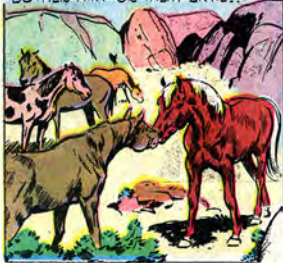
ED BANKS HAD BEEN ON CRUTCHES EVER SINCE THE COLT'S WILD BLACK SIRE TRAMPLED HIM--BUT HE SPENT HOURS EACH WEEK TALKIN' TO RED FLAME'S PALOMINO MOTHER.

AND PLANNIN' THE BIGGEST OF ALL HORSE-HUNTS--COME THE DAY WHEN HE COULD RIDE AGAIN. "THIS TIME," HE'D WHISPER, "THE GREATEST HOSS IN OREGON WON'T GET AWAY."



MORE AND MORE, A LONGING FOR LEADERSHIP HAD BEEN URGING RED TO TAKE HIM A BUNCH OF MARES. AND ONE DAY HE DID.

OF COURSE THE MARES ALREADY HAD A LEADER. BUT THAT DIDN'T BOTHER HIM--OR THEM--UNTIL...



...A BATTLE-SCARRED GRAY STALLION CAME THUNDERIN' OUT OF THE ROCKS, SCREAMIN' MAD AND MURDER BENT.



EVER SEE A PICTURE OF MEN FIGHTIN' WITH SWORDS? WELL, THEM TWO HOSSES WAS FENCING THAT WAY, FOR A BITE, THAT WOULD CRIPPLE A FORELEG.



THEY WAS BOTH CUT UP SOME WHEN RED MADE A WICKED SLASH AT THE GRAY'S JAW...



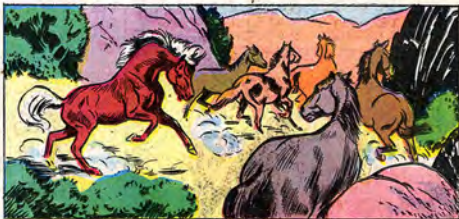
...WHIRLED LIKE A FLASH, AND LANDED BOTH HEELS ON HIS ENEMY'S RIBS. THE GRAY HOSSE KINDA LOST HIS BALANCE.



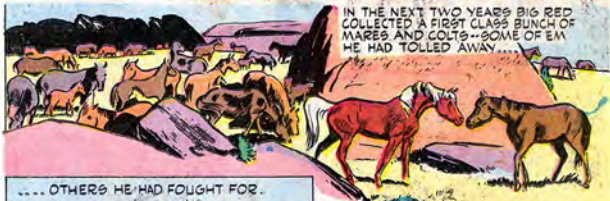
AND THAT WAS JUST ABOUT THE END OF THE FIGHT.



THE NEW LEADER'S
FLAME-COLORED COAT
WAS STREAKED WITH
DARKER RED AS HE
HERDED HIS MARES
AWAY; BUT HE WAS
TOO PROUD AND
HAPPY TO FEEL
THOSE WOUNDS.



IN THE NEXT TWO YEARS BIG RED
COLLECTED A FIRST CLASS BUNCH OF
MARES AND COLTS--SOME OF EM
HE HAD TOLLED AWAY...



.... OTHERS HE HAD FOUGHT FOR.



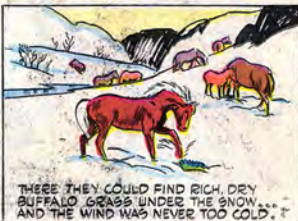
WHEN BLIZZARDS AND BITTER COLD KILLED
OFF HUNDREDS OF BROOMTAILS, RED FLAME
LED HIS HERD THROUGH THE OLD TUNNEL.



INTO THE SECRET
SHELTERED VALLEY
WHERE HE WAS BORN.



THERE THEY COULD FIND RICH, DRY
BUFFALO GRASS UNDER THE SNOW...
AND THE WIND WAS NEVER TOO COLD.



THE SPRING THAT RED FLAME WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, ED BANKS CAME HOME FROM THE HOSPITAL WITHOUT HIS CRUTCHES.



ED HAD TO GET USED TO RIDING ALL OVER AGAIN.. BUT HE TOLD HIS SON JIMMIE THAT THE BIG HORSE HUNT WOULD TAKE PLACE THIS YEAR, REGARDLESS.



THEY HAD IT ALL MAPPED OUT :- A BIG BASE CAMP RINGED ABOUT BY THE HILLS, AND A FEW SPIKE CAMPS STILL FARTHER OUT.

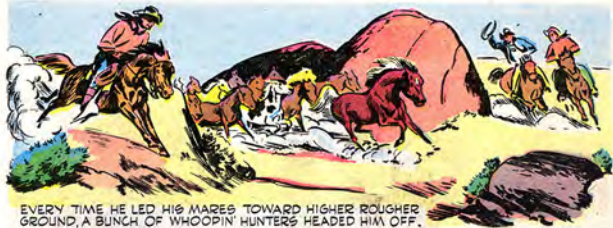


BY EARLY JUNE THE HUNTERS WERE BUILDING CORRAL TRAPS IN HALF A DOZEN DRAWS AND CANYONS



RED FLAME SPOTTED THE WORK THAT WAS GOIN' ON, AND LED HIS OREANAS BACK DEEPER INTO THE HILLS.

BUT ONE MORNING THE RIMROCK SEEMED TO SPROUT RIDERS ALL AROUND HIM.



EVERY TIME HE LED HIS MARES TOWARD HIGHER ROUGHER GROUND, A BUNCH OF WHOOPIN' HUNTERS HEADED HIM OFF.

BIG RED WAS GETTIN' DESPERATE. HE KNEW HE WAS BEING HAZED INTO A HOSS TRAP, AND AT BEST HE WAS GOIN' TO LOSE HIS HERD.



THERE'S TWO THINGS THAT EVERY GREAT LEADER MUST HAVE... THE GRIT TO MAKE A HARD CHOICE, AND THE JUDGMENT WHEN TO MAKE IT. BIG RED HAD BOTH.

WITHOUT WARNIN' HE HEADED AT TOP SPEED FOR THE NEAREST HOSS HUNTER, YOUNG JIMMIE BANKS.



BY CHANCE PETE WIGGINS, THE NEXT IN LINE, HAD A LOOP ALREADY BUILT... PETE MADE A FAST AND PLUCKY PLAY.



BUT RED FLAME TURNED IN THE AIR, LIKE A CAT, AND PETE'S ROPE MISSED.

NEXT THING ANYBODY KNEW, THAT HOSS WAS JUST A LIVING STREAK OF RED ACROSS THE SAND AND SAGEBRUSH.



IF HE COULDN'T SAVE HIS MARES AND COLTS, HE DIDN'T AIM TO GET CAUGHT WITH THEM...WHICH WAS MIGHTY GOOD HOSS SENSE.



WITHOUT A LEADER, THE OTHER MUSTANGS WERE TRAPPED WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE.



JIMMY WAS FEELIN' PRETTY GOOD ABOUT IT, BUT ED BANKS ACTED LIKE ANYTHING LESS THAN RED FLAME HIMSELF WAS A TOTAL LOSS.



THE HUNT WENT ON TILL MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED BROOM TAILS FILLED THE CRRAL AT ED'S MAIN CAMP.



ED AND HIS BUCKAROS FIGGERED THEM SLICK-EARS WERE SAFE...BECAUSE THEYD CUT OUT THE STALLIONS AND THE WILDER MARES, AND THE FENCE WAS DOUBLE-STRENGTH.



THERE WAS TWO THINGS THEY HADN'T FIGGERED ON, THOUGH... AN EXTRA DARK NIGHT AND RED FLAME!



THE THUNDER GRUMBLIN' IN THE HILLS KEPT YOUNG JIMMIE AWAKE. ALL AT ONCE HE HEARD THE HOOFOBEATS OF A RUNNIN' HOSS.



...AND THEN THE LIGHTNING FLASHED. IT SHOWED RED FLAME SAILIN' OVER THE CRRAL'S TOP RAIL.



A BLAST OF DYNAMITE COULDN'T HAVE WRECKED ANY MORE FENCE THAN THE RUSH THAT BIG RED HEADED, TWO MINUTES LATER.



FOR A FEW MOMENTS THE GROUND SHOOK AND THE DUST ROLLED THICK...



...AND THEN IT WAS ALL OVER, EXCEPT FOR ONE HIGH CLEAR VOICE. THE VOICE OF YOUNG JIMMIE BANKS CHEERIN' FOR RED FLAME!



YEAH, THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL TOO, CHARLEY.

STOP THAT BEAR

by George E. Clough



Tom Barton had no business trying to kill a bear with a .22. Even a boy of sixteen ought to have known that! And, as a fact, he did.

He knew he was taking a long chance. He knew his .22 was just a boy's five-dollar rifle and that it had a habit of misfiring. Nevertheless, he chose deliberately to risk his life because, in his opinion, circumstances made the risk worth running. The possible gain outweighed the possible loss. If he was foolish, there was heroism in his folly.

Tom was making a sixty-mile hike on snowshoes to visit his brother's trading post north of Fort Nelson, traveling without dogs, hauling his pack, grub-box and blankets on a light toboggan. It was a trip he could make easily in three days, unless held up by storm.

Bush, lake and river; river, lake and bush. The snow was hard wherever sun and wind could reach it, and he swung along without a care in the world.

The first day out, Tom saw no living thing except some chickadees. Next morning he walked through long stretches of bush without seeing even a rabbit track. At noon he stopped to cook himself a square meal. He found a convenient spot on a lake shore, scraped away the snow, chopped dead wood, made a fire, and melted snow for his tea. Soon he was comfortably seated on his blankets with bacon sizzling in the frying pan.

There was an Indian village a little further on, and out on the lake a number of squaws and children were fishing through holes in the ice. They weren't having any luck. Some of the children—small boys and girls—came to the fire while he was eating. Too shy to speak, they just stood around, watching him. But they picked up the scraps of bacon rind he threw away.

The sight of those kids solemnly chewing those bits of bacon rind took away Tom's enjoyment of his food. They must be famished, and it wouldn't help them much to see him eat his fill. No rabbits—that was their trouble! The hunters were probably away on their trapping grounds, and the whole village was depending mainly on small game for food. When there were no rabbits, they caught fish; and when they couldn't catch fish—

Tom couldn't eat. He could not go away and leave them starving. So he began by cutting slices of bread for them and smearing it with bacon grease, and once he had begun, he hadn't the heart to stop. All the grub he had wasn't enough to give them a full meal. He saved himself some tea. He had his rifle; he might be able to pot a partridge. He was well-clothed, well-fed, and there was only thirty miles or so ahead of him.

Two hours later he began to wonder how long it would be before he had a chance to eat, and what would happen to him if a storm blew up. So he was glad when he heard, away off in the bush, a funny little grunting sound. There was a porcupine, and porcupines are the hunter's emergency ration.

Tom lost no time. He left his toboggan and began to force his way through a tangle of spruce in the direction from which the sound was coming. Among the spruce, the snow was deep and soft, and their buried lower branches made traps for his snowshoes. Breathless, he struggled through the dense growth and came out into a fine open stand of white pine.

Here the snow was good, for sun and frost had put a crust on it, and here, almost at once, he saw the porcupine. It was trotting around, busy with its own affairs. It rattled its quills in warning and then ignored him. One swish of that tail would send a wolf away

yelping, his nose full of barbed spears.

Tom aimed at its head and gently squeezed the trigger.

Click! His rifle had misfired. That was provoking, but not unusual. Tom turned the dented shell and tried again. This time he made a clean kill.

He picked up the porky and was seeking an easy way back to his toboggan when he noticed a queer dark patch in the snow close to the trunk of a big pine. Curious, he went to look at that discolored patch. Why had the snow sunk down and lost its whiteness. Why was it partly turned to ice?

It might be—yes, it was—a bear's breathing hole! Somewhere beneath the snow—among the roots of the great old pine, undoubtedly—a bear had clawed out a den for its winter sleep.

Yes, he could smell the rank odor of bear! Here was good red meat, and plenty of it! Here was a feast for all those starving kids—enough fresh meat to make the village dance for joy! Should he go back and let them know about it? And could they get it, if he did? Some of the old men would have guns, he guessed.

It was a long hike back, though, and he would have to sleep in the village. He would not be there before dark.

That patch in the snow drew him as boys are drawn to a wasp's nest. There was no danger if you left it alone. But the longer Tom looked at it, the more he disliked the thought of leaving it.

Could he take a chance? Besides the .22 he had an axe and a hunting knife. The bear, he reasoned, would be sleepy. It would not be in any hurry to leave its den. When it was first awakened, the light would dazzle it, and shot through the eye at close range ought to reach the brain. Risky? Well, life was full of risks. Even if he failed to kill the bear with one shot, he could run on snowshoes fast enough—perhaps—to get away.

His mind not quite made up, Tom saw no harm in doing a little digging for investiga-



tion. First he removed the bolt from his .22, wiped it free of grease and worked it till it responded with a loud click. Then he cut down a young spruce, trimmed it, topped it, and sharpened the butt to a point. With this stout pole he began to probe the depth of the snow.

Deeper and deeper he went, making a sort of trench, till he came to a layer of snow that was hard as ice. One jab of the pole broke a hole in that, and now he could hear the bear breathing and grumbling in its sleep. He looked around. That stand of pine was not a very large one, and it was ringed with the dense tangle of the spruce. No possible escape through that!

Now Tom began to realize his danger. One small mistake, when once that bear was roused, would cost him, almost certainly, his life. There were plenty of good big trees to dodge around, but none with branches low enough to climb! Yes, there was one about fifty yards away.

He loaded his rifle, felt the weight of his axe. He looked at the pole. Good for nothing but to stir up trouble! Yes—but with his hunting-knife to end it? A prod with the pole alone would only rouse the bear from sleep, but with a good steel point—!

Tom cut a thong from his moccasin and lashed the knife to the thin end of the pole. It made a sharp spearhead, six inches long, and the pole had weight enough to drive it home.

He cocked the rifle and laid it on the snow, stuck his axe in his belt and carefully adjusted the toe-straps of his snowshoes. Behind him lay the porcupine. He moved it to one side, out of his line of flight. Thoughtful, he took up the pole and balanced it. Now or never! He drew in a deep breath and drove the makeshift spear into the den with all his strength.

A bawl of pain and rage told Tom he had hurt the bear, and as he drew back the pole for a second thrust, he saw that the knife was red to the hilt. It brought away, too, a tuft of coarse brown hair.

Brown hair?

Tom had been sure the bear would be a common black one, for only once in years did some old grizzly, driven from its range in the hills, winter in the plains. Too startled to stab again, he dropped the pole and grabbed his .22.

Already, the snow was flying as the grizzly

struggled to free itself from its prison. Tom stood well back, and when its head broke through, he lined his sights on an eye and pressed the trigger.

Click. His rifle had misfired again.

Snarling, the great grizzly bear forced its way out, and Tom ran for his life. He had one big advantage. He could make good time on that hard surface, while the brute behind him, breaking through the crust, wallowed in soft snow at every jump. Even at that, its pace of most equaled his.

At first, Tom's only thought was to gain a lead. But ahead of him was a green wall of spruce, and in a panic, he realized how close it was. Fine shelter for a rabbit, but a trap for him! He swung in a curve. Quick as a flash the grizzly changed its course to head him off, and for some breathless seconds he was almost caught between the bear and the spruce. Sprinting, he drew clear, and now he was heading back toward his starting point.

It was like a game of tag in a big ring. Tom had the speed, the grizzly the endurance and the inside track. What could he do? Rifle in hand he could not hope to climb that tree fast enough, and if he dropped his rifle, the grizzly would keep him treading till he was frozen stiff.

He would exhaust his strength if he kept on running. Sooner or later, the grizzly would catch him, sure! Might as well make a fight of it while he was fresh! He was cool enough, now, to take a look back at the bear. Its lips were writhing back from its great fangs, and he saw the red gash his knife had made in its shoulder. That grizzly would take a lot of stopping!

His rifle? No. One little bullet wasn't likely to be even useful. Better to try the axe—and better still to use the pole with his knife on the end of it.

He was running straight for the big tree, now, and the yawning hole beneath it looked such a natural hiding-place that for one panicky moment he was tempted to dive head long into it. It was the instinct of a rabbit for its burrow. He overcame it, and stooped to pick up the pole. But in the very act of stooping, he changed his mind. He got his fingers around the neck of the porcupine!

Around the big tree he swung, the grizzly at his heels, and as he dodged he lashed back at the bear with the porcupine and struck the bear full in the face. Dodging, he heard a startled "Woof!" and realized that for a time, at least, the chase was over. That grizzly had stopped up short.

No doubt the bear had killed many a porcupine, but it had always gone about that business carefully. A noseful of quills was a new experience, and half-a-dozen more of those barbed darts were sticking in its lips and mouth. To make matters worse, the front ends of the quills caught on the snowcrust and that drove them in deeper. They so vexed the



bear, it stopped to try and claw them out.

Meanwhile, Tom made his way to the tree he had picked for climbing. Safe on a good high branch, he began to shoot. His bullets stung the grizzly and made it wince, but it went on clawing at the quills. Tom persevered. He had a pocketful of shells and time to use them, however often the little rifle misfired.

At last one bullet roused the bear to action. It came up, snarling, and reared its mighty bulk against the tree. Its forelegs grasped the trunk, its great curved claws plowed furrows in the bark. It stood so high, the muzzle of the .22 almost touched its head as Tom fired the shot that went through to the brain.

Tom could not wait to take off the enormous pelt. Already, the sun was low. After an hour's work he dragged two great bear hams to his toboggan. That load was hard to pull on the long trail back. He was a tired, hungry boy—so hungry, he chewed bits of the raw meat. He would not stop to make a fire.

Half a mile after mile he plodded wearily. It was the memory of those children eating bacon-rind that kept him going. What a feast there would be when he brought his load to the village!

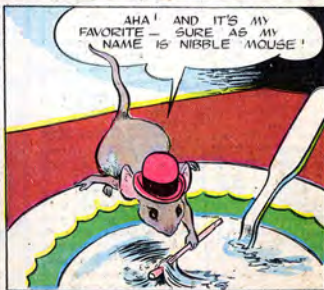
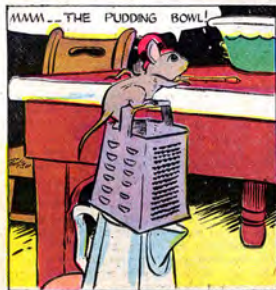
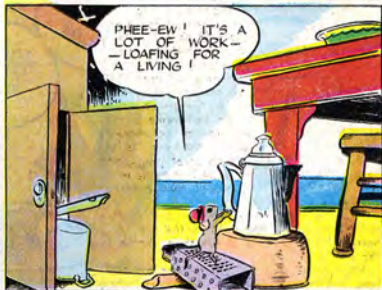
And there was a feast! Bear steaks were sizzling in every frying pan and chunks of bear meat stewing in every iron pot. Tom was the guest of an old chief with the queer name "Center-of-the-World." The tepee was crowded. Three squaws were cooking bear meat in three different ways and seven children toasting slices on sticks. Tom ate his fill, then rolled himself in a blanket and went to sleep. The Indians were still feasting.

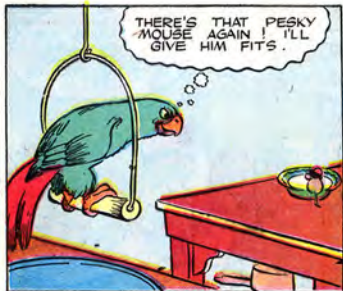
At sunrise the whole village went out to bring home the bear. It was lying just as he had left it, but frozen solid. He could not save the pelt, but he took a tuft of the silver-tipped brown fur, the whole set of claws, some quills from the grizzly's nose, and went gaily on his way. With those for proof, his brother would believe his story!

NIBBLE and NUBBLE

by WALT KELLY

LOOKS LIKE THE
COAST IS CLEAR—
OUGHT TO SCARE
UP SOMETHING TO
EAT!





THERE'S THAT PESKY
MOUSE AGAIN! I'LL
GIVE HIM FITS.



OH, JOHN!
THERE'S A
MOUSE IN
THE PUDDING!



THE LADY OF
THE HOUSE!



HELP!



HAHAHAHAHA

YOU! I
THOUGHT
IT WAS
THE —



YOU'RE AN
EASY MARK —
NOBODY'S
HOME BUT
THE BOSS
AND HE'S
TAKING A
NAP!



IF THERE'S ANY-
THING MORE
USELESS THAN
A PARROT I'D
LIKE TO —

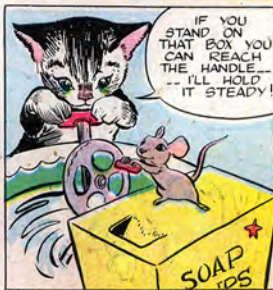
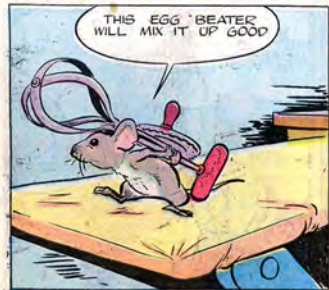
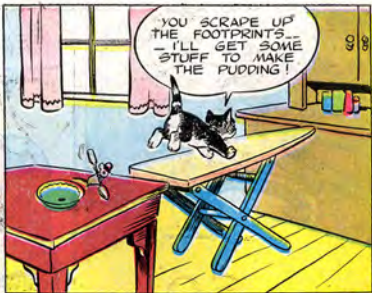
HELLO,
NUBBLE!

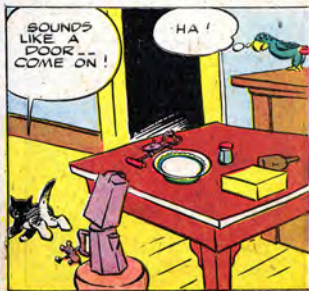
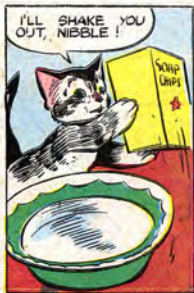
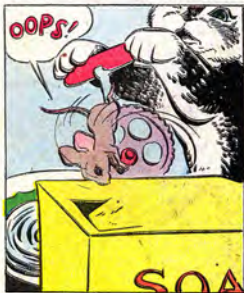


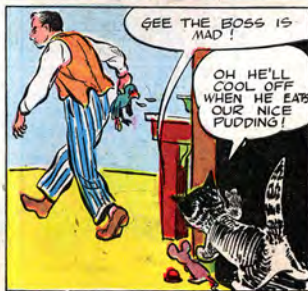
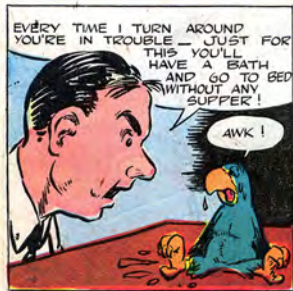
I'LL LICK THE
PUDDING OFF YOU —
— KITTENS ARE
GOOD AT THAT!

THANKS
NUBBLE —









MY RHEUMATISM IS SO MUCH BETTER TODAY NURSE JANE, THAT I'M GOING FOR A WALK.



COPY, 1947 BY HOWARD K. GARRIS

UNCLE WIGGLY

DEAR ME, SUZ!! I MUST HAVE GIVEN ALL MY CHANGE TO THAT POOR LOST PUPPY DOG WHO CAME TO THE DOOR LAST EVENING.



THAT'S FINE, WIGGLY! BRING ME A POUND OF MONEY FROM THE STORE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER IT!

I'LL GET SOME MORE FROM THE SAFE --- NO YOU DON'T-- YOU'LL ONLY THROW IT AWAY TO EVERY BEGGAR YOU MEET.



FROM NOW ON I'M TAKING CHARGE OF YOUR MONEY, WIGGLY! HERE'S A QUARTER FOR THE MONEY!



GIVING IS HALF THE JOY OF LIFE -- IF NURSE JANE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN IT -- EH, BUGGY? ABSOLUTELY!



GENEROSITY PANGS -- EVERY TIME!

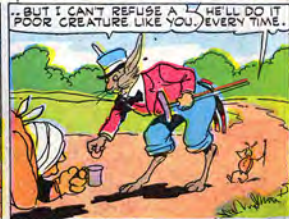
IF IT DOESN'T, YOU DO!



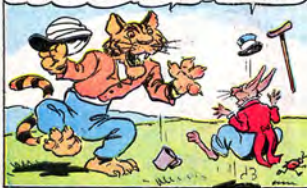
PLEASE HELP A POOR BLIND CRIPPLE, UNCLE WIGGLY! MY POOR FELLOW, I HAVE ONLY A QUARTER. YOU'RE ALWAYS SO KIND.



-- BUT I CAN'T REFUSE A POOR CREATURE LIKE YOU. HE'LL DO IT EVERY TIME.



THANKS, AND I NEVER REFUSE A FAT, JUICY RABBIT, LIKE YOU. EEWOW! A BAD TIGER.



GRRRR-RAH! OH, DEAR! NURSE JANE WOULD SAY IT SERVES ME RIGHT!



AH! A WOODCHUCK'S HOLE! GRRROW!



UMPF!



ER.. EXCUSE ME, OLD FELLOW, FOR NOT KNOCKING, BUT..



HUMPH! HE'S SOUND ASLEEP! IT MUST BE HIS SEASON FOR HIBERNATING.

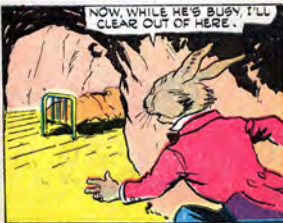
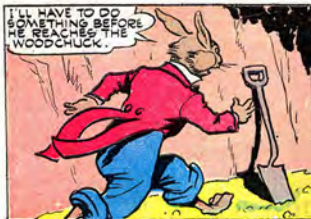


GRRRRR! I'LL DIG YOU OUT IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK.



I THINK I'D BETTER BE MOVING. ARRRH! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD.











SORRY, OLD DEAR!
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
YOU AGAIN.



YOU--YOU--
YOU--



I'M GLAD I HAPPENED
TO BRING MY FAN
ALONG--IT MAKES A
SPLENDID PROPELLER.



THIS IS A SPLENDID
WAY TO SEE THE
COUNTRY--BUT HOW
AM I EVER GOING TO
FACE NURSE JANE
AGAIN WITHOUT
THAT MONEY.

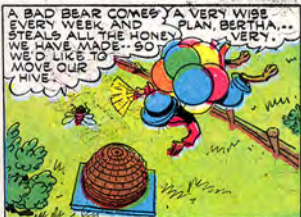


HONEY?
HONEY?
WHO'S TALKING
ABOUT HONEY?

WHY, HELLO
BERTHA BEE!
YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE A POUND
OR SO TO
SPARE,
WOULD YOU?



HUMMMMMM! I MIGHT
HAVE-- IF YOU'LL TRADE
ME YOUR BALLOONS.



CHOFF! ULG! A BRAND NEW HAT! WELL
GLUG! FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO
ROBBERY.



I'D BETTER GET HOME BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS.



LOOK OUT!



OWP!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY I RAN INTO YOU POOR ANTS! HERE-- TAKE A BIT OF HONEY AND SAY YOU FORGIVE ME.

HONEY? YUMMMM.

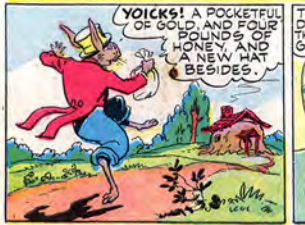


WHY-- WHERE DID YOU FIND THESE GOLD PIECES?

WE FOUND THEM IN THE WAY WHEN WE WERE DIGGING OUT OUR NEW CELLAR-- YOU CAN HAVE THEM ALL IF YOU LIKE.



YOICKS! A POCKETFUL OF GOLD, AND FOUR POUNDS OF HONEY, AND A NEW HAT BESIDES.



THERE NURSE JANE DOESN'T THAT PROVE IS THAT SUCH GENEROUS TO BEGGARS?

HUMPH! ALL I KNOW IS THAT SUCH THINGS WOULD NEVER HAPPEN TO ME.





Warren W. McSpadden, New York

Little girl and her Dalmatian at pet show playing while waiting for her class—dogs with the most spots—to be called up for judging.

POGO

